THE ROUGH RUAD THAT LEADS TO THE 'VARBITE CHEW.

Mab Cook's Methods of Conching Which Mayo Hoen Described as Marsh and Unfair-Ordeal of the Freshman and of the Man Who Man Got a neat to the Bont. NEW HAVEN, April 16 .- "All together, now! Steady, No. 7. No. 2, you're dead slow! Take a brace, now, all of you! Do you ever expect to beat Harvard with such a gait? Just think for a mement that you're at New London-Six, you're splashing again. Here comes Cornell hard on our heels! Don't work so hard, Three; it might hurt you. Come! come! any one would think I

The speaker is Robert J. Cook, for twenty and more years the guiding spirit of Yale's aquatic offorts. The young men upon whom he is bestowing this characteristic mixture of couragement and sarcasm are eight of the stu-dents whose ambition it is to represent the university in the coming triangular race at New London. Though the words of the head ceach, as he surveys his perspiring pupils from a small launch,might lead one to suppose that they were sleeping at their posts, they are, as a matter of fact, working very hard. It is a chilly April afternoon, and the penetrating wind is blowing up the harbor. The oarsmen, nevertheless, are re to the waist. Every muscle is at its highest tension; every back forms a straight line; every eye gleams apparently into space. To the unprofessional observer there is little in the behavior of the oarsmen to justify the ridicule and sharp criticism of the coach. His unpracticed eye is unable to detect wherein No. 2 is behind his fellows, and, in spite of Mr. Cook's as the other seven. It may be that No. 6 does not catch the water evenly, but many's critic would not call it splashing. Nor is it apparent that these eight young men are not working in unison. The eight bodies swing back and forth with all the regularity of automatons, accompanied by the unfaltering sweep of eight blue-tipped, dripping oars. The average Yale man, observing the behavior of the crew for a single afternoon, would hardly reconcile himself to the bluff treatment they receive from the famous coach, and would resent especially his insinuation that they were in no condition to meet Cornell or Harvard. He would return to town, therefore, convinced that, after all, there might be some truth In the assertion that Capt. Cook has altogether too little feeling for his men and that his coaching methods are barsh and unfair. If he should go so far as to confide his ideas to

a Yale oarsman, especially to a member of the present crew, he would be laughed at for his pains. He would be informed that, as a matter of fact, the various candidates for the crew were in a very crude and unsatisfactory state that the exhibition of oarsmanship he wit nessed was of a decidedly amateur order, utterly unworthy of the aquatic traditions of Vale If he should state his objections to Mr. Cook himself, he would be most discouragingly re-Mr. Cook's April forecast of the crew is traditionally pessimistic, and he would be sure to have some very harsh things to say of the present candidates. What is perfection to the casual observer is, to his eyes, full of flaw.

The Yale freshman is sure to find his college life more or less a process of disillusion, but the greatest disappointments lie in wait for those young men who enter the university with the idea that they know a thing or two about rowing. It usually takes them a few days to make the painful but important discovery that they know nothing at all, and then only their education begins. The eight young men under the tutelage of Mr. Cook learned this judisable lesson long ago. Their mere presence on the barbor is proof of that fact. Their fellow

on the barbor is proof of that fact. Their fellow students may fritter away the Easter vacation in the social whirl of their hative towns, or in following the glee and banjo club in its Southern tour. The crew men, however, know little of vacation, and they are content with their lot. They appear a fresh and vigorous set of young men this afternoon, under the stimulas of the invigorating April breeze, and receive the praise and criticism of their master—usually criticism—with equal stoleism.

Their mere presence in a boat within three months of the fateful day is something of a triumph, and is an honor that has been gained only after hard work and self-sacrifice. Those sinewy figures and muscular arms and legs are not the development of a single day, any more than is the long, rhythmic sweep of the sparkling oars. The real work begins on the first day of the college year, when an open invitation is extended to every student of aquatic ambition to present himself at the boathouse for the inspection of the captain and the coach. The students come down in awarms, for the most part selentific and academic freshmen, as the would be caramen of the upper classes have already had their try. In many cases they are hopelessly green and confident. A number have enjoyed some experience on the crews of the preparatory schools. Others have pulled a vigorous oar at Sunday school pelnies and can see no reason why they should not occupy a useful position in a Yale boat. The only encouragement the applicant receiver is to have his name entitle applicant receiver is to have his name en atton in a Yale boat. The only encouragement the applicant receives is to have his name en-roiled among those of several hundred other am-bitious oarsmen. At the proper time he is handed over to one of the coaches, and his qualifications are carefully examined. If unusually fortunate, he comes under the aupervision of Capt. Cook himself, who as a particular of the cooks. are carefully examined. If unusually fortunate, be comes under the supervision of Capt. Cook himself, who, as a matter of fact, is very fond of inexperienced candidates with no knowledge of the art of rowing and therefore with nothing to unlearn. The first leason in the Cook stroke is one of the rarest diversions in the world. The young man whose rowing experience has been confined to a mill pond or fresh water lake cannot easily reconcile himself to the straight back and the long body swing that are the prime requisites of the famous stroke.

"It is not necessary to double up your back," Mr. Cook will pleasantly remonstrate—for he is always considerate of these green young men. always considerate of these green young men. "You are not riding a bicycle, you know; only

simply trying to pull an oar."

The young man, puffing and fuming, will cease from splashing for a moment and straighten his spine. With his eyes bulging and with every vein swelling he makes another heroic attempt.

ole attempt, vole attempt, Yes, that's a triffe better," says Mr. Cook Yes, that's a triffe better," says Mr. Cook encouragingly. "You had some trouble in getting your oar back in place; but in a month or two you'll be able to do that inside of an hour or so. That will do for to-day; you seem a little tired. So go back to your room, rest up for a week or so and then come down and try sgain. Next!"

for a week or so and then come down and try again. Next!"

The poor freshman sneaks out of the bont as gracefully as he can, slides into the boathouse and resumes his citizen's dross. He has learned a valuable lesson in those few minutes. He sees that he has about one chance in 500 of gaining a seat in the varsity boat and that it means nine months of incessant, wearying toil, with the possibility of failure at the end. He spends the evening thinking it over, and, conscious of his lame joints and sore wrists, he begins to wonder whether it is worth while after all. He usually decides that it is not and soon his friends are informed that he is no longer training for the crew. As he goes on in his college career his freshman ambition becomes morely one of the early indiscretions of his college course.

merely one of the early indiscretions of his college course.
Idad he evinced, in that brief trial, the slightest indication of skill, it would have been detected by the keen eye of Mr. Cook and he would not have been allowed to retire. He would not have been allowed to retire. He would not have been assigned to the early squad—the great mass of pessibilities from among whom the crow is to be selected. And only then his trials begin. He learns in the first place that in the future he can lay claim to no personal freedom; that he is as absolutely at the distation of the captain and the coach as though he were a gailey slave. He receives precise instructions for the regulation of his daily life, which he can question and transgress only at the risk of he wing his name erase! from the list of candidates. He is told that his life for the next four months belongs only to the crew and the classroom; that there are to be no theatres, no dances, no midnight spreads, no dawn tess, no "keg parties." If he desires to attend the junior prom, he must retire from the bailroom at 10 o clock, and, above all, must not partake of the supper-

ties." If he desires to attend the Junior promhe must retire from the baliroom at 10 o clock,
and, above all, must not partake of the supper.
He is expected to fise in the morning at 7 and
eat a rigidly prescribed breakfast-plenty of
chocolate, no coffee. To smoke a cigarette or a
cigar is to ruin, at a stroke, all his chances of
athletic success. After chapel he is to attend
whatever recitationshe may have, which he is
cautioned to prepare with extra care. All athletes must misintain a creditable stand, and
one of the quickest ways of being dropped from
the crew is to flunk a semi-anusal examination.

If the candidate has no recitations in the
morning, he must report at the boathouse,
where he receives additional instructions in
the Cook stroke. After dinase he adjourns to
the gymnasium and joins the squad of thinjclad young men, who shock the sansibilities of
conservative New Haven people, as they run,
at an easy log, through the most fashionable
and most thickly populated city streets. This
is an exercise that is not foregone even in the
severest winter weather, and it is nothing unusual to see these perspiring young men, usually
bare-legged, with their stockings running down
over their shoes, ploughing through a January
snowstorm.

In the course of a month or two there is a

ever their shoes, ploughing through a January snowstorm.

In the course of a month or two there is a general shaking up. The least promising are told that they are throwing their time away, and are advised to retire. The remainder, immediately after the Christmas vacation, are taken seriously in band, and the real work of preparation begins. Work in the harbor is impracticable, but a fair substitute is found in the

introduced the first produced week, and is yielded by all the fair guests and chapsrons of that occasion. The table was the invention of a Yale genius of a decade or so are, who conceived the idea that it made no difference, for practical purposes, whether the beat or the water moved. He therefore constructed this peculiar affair, which forms a convenient substitute, during the severest weather, for the harbor practice. Coach Cook, however, always chafes under the restraint and gets his men out at the earliest possible day. A spin in February is not unusual, and by March the Yale crew visit the harbor nearly every day. The men by this time have begun to show unmistakable signs of success or failure. The whole question of selection is still involved in uncertainty. The hopes of the men rise and fall day by day, and even the surest man is never absolutely confident of success. Occasionally a candidate who has seemed to lag behind will show remarkable signs of vitality toward the end, and push off a formerly more promising man. The nine months of training are months of anxiety and heart-burnings, and probably the hitterest disappointment of the college course is for a crew candidate to stand fally by during the supreme occasion at New London and watch the splendid struggles of his former associates against their traditional inhelic rivals.

It is not likely that the gay crowds at New London or Poughkeepsle, hallings the victorious crew or commiserating the defeated, have any realization of all these things. The development of the Vale crew from the swarm of raw and unpracticed young men who annually present thems; the ment of the colleges of the control of the ward of the sent themselves at the Yale boathouse to the

crew or commiscrating the deceased, have any realization of all these things. The development of the Yale crew from the swarm of raw and unpracticed young men who annually present themselves at the Yale boathouse to the eight splendid types of physical manhood that are finally chosen affords an interesting study in evolution, and a capital illustration of the principle that only the fittest survive. There is no branch of undergraduate sport in which the process is so long and so complicated. Training for the crew is really a much more serious matter than training for the baseball or football team, for it practically occupies the whole college year. The present aquatic season is regarded as the most important in the history of undergraduate sport. Cook is working as he has never worked before, for there is more than the mere athletic prestige of the university at stake. During the last few years he has been obliged to face countless criticisms, friendly and hostile, and his own supremacy in Yale boating affairs has been attacked. It is an open secret that he has piedged his reputation as a conch upon the success to the present crew; that he has expressed his determination to turn out a winning crew or to retire permanently from the field. All this has been conditional upon his receiving absolute power over the men. He has been working, therefore, with a determination natural in view of the issues at stake. Hitherto he has been satisfied with an occasional trip to New Haven, to glance over the work of the men, and to suggest a general plan of operations to the captain and the assistant coaches. But he has now definitely taken up his residence in New Haven, and is with the candidates every hour of the day. Even during vacation he has not relaxed his exertions. He has appeared regularly every morning at the boathouse at 90 clock and continued at his vacation he has not relaxed his exertions. He has sppeared regularly svery morning at the boathouse at 9 clock and continued at his post throughout the day. The most minute arrangements pertaining to the equipment of the boats and the training of the men he has personally supervised. Every morning he spends a large part of his time in a single scull giving some tyro the advantage of his individual training or smoothing off the rough edges of some more experienced man.

HIS SIGNS DIDN'T WORK

An Innocent Youth Polls to Establish Peater

From the Detroit Journal. "How is it you don't have to pay any fare!" sked an unsophisticated youth of a prominent employee in the Michigan Central offices in this city as the two came in from Dearborn on one of the company's trains the other morning. The boy from the farm had several times noticed the railroad man on the train and always observed that the conductor nodded pleasantly, but never asked him for a ticket. His pastoral curiosity was aroused and he decided to learn

curiosity was aroused and he decided to learn why such apparent favors were shown.

"Why, I'm a Mason," answered the man who held a pass, in a confidential manner.

"Gosal It's a good thing to be a Mason, isn't it! Saves lots of fare, ch! Wish I was one."

"Well, you seem to be a pretty decent sort of a fellow and I don't mind putting you on so that you will be able to ride free, too," sal. the railroad man. "Of course," he added in an undertone, "it's against the rules of Masonry to divulge the secrets, but I guess you won't give me away."

The youth pledged his honor that he would keep it a secret till death.
"All right, then, the next time you come

with joy.
"That so! Well, when the conductor asks "That so? Well, when the conductor aska you for your ticket just raise your right arm to the shoulder, point your thumb straight behind you and wink the right eye slyly. He will pass on. The "tip" was illustrated by the Joker and the victim practiced it all the way into the city and innumerable times after he arrived. The following morning the newly made "Mason" was one of the first to board the incoming train at Dearlorn. The man with the pass saw him. The conductor was called to one side and put "next."

pass saw him. The conductor was called to one side and put "next."

"Here's the fare for that chap," said the perpetrator of the joke; "so you will not get into trouble over it.

When the tr. in started the young man occupied a seat in the forward coach and the railroad man sat in the rear of the same car. Presently the door opened and the conductor about "Tickets!"

The youth straightened up and prepared him.

ed "Tickets!"

The youth straightened up and prepared himself. The man in charge of the train was soon at the side of the "Mason." He held out his hand for the follow's ticket and up went the latter's right arm like a lever and he winked. The conductor turned abruptly to a passenger across the alsie to hide the smile that wreathed his features. The "Mason's" boson swelled with satisfaction. The man with the pass drew his morning paper before his face and vainly endeavored to repress a burst of laughter.

In the evening the two took the train at the Michikan Central depot. This time the youth took a seat near the door and his "instructor" was at the other end of the car. There was a different conductor on and the railroad man knew there would be fun.

The ticket puncher asked the young man for his transportation as soon as he outered the conclusion.

different conductor on and the railroad man knew there would be fun.

The ticket puncher asked the young man for his transportation as soon as he entered the coach. Again the arm shot over his shoulder and he winked as before.

"I want your ticket!" rather petulantly said the conductor.

The same tactics on the part of the "Mason" were gone through again, he believing that the man of the punch did not detect the "aign."

"What's the matter with you; are you crazy!" and anson," answered the youth, and the passengers nearby smiled audibly.

"I don't give a d—n what you are; you'll pay your fare or get off this train."

The office man was in a paroxysm of laughter at the other end, but the conductor's face was flushed with anger.

The youth had not a cent, and he so informed the man with the colored lantern. There was a violent jerking of the hell cord, and the train came to a sudden stop four miles from Dearborn. The "Mason" was assisted, none too gently, to the ties below, and walked the remainder of the distance to his home, taking a short cut through the fields.

The next evening he and the railroad man met on the street at Dearborn.

"That was a nice job you put up on me," sheepishly said the youth.

"Why, what was the matter!" asked the man who had witnessed the very amusing incident of the night before.

"The conductor put me off the train and I had to walk four miles," he answered.

"That's funny; what did you do!"

"I did as you told me and it went all right going in, but it wouldn't work coming back; there was a new man on."

"Are you sure you made no mistake?"

"I did just the same both times; my right arm and wink."

"An now I see. You should have used your left arm and left eye coming back. Then, again, he might not have been a Mason."

## A Corean Mass Meeting.

From the Seoul Independent.

From the Scoul Independent.

Last Saturday afternoon a few officers of the Imperial Guard and a dozen or so of the Hamkyeng Da contingent imost of whom speak Russiani assembled on the balcony of the Cotton Exchange in Chongno and announced that they winted to address the people on political questions. This announcement brought out several thousand people from all parts of the city, and before many minutes the whole street was simply packed with humanity of all descriptions, who were eager to hear what these Northern orators had to say.

But for some inexplicable reason these orators did not celiver their speeches. The populace became impatismt and called loudly for speeches, but the Northern Demosthenes continued to assume the attitude of a sphinx. An old citizen with a flowing white beard went up to the balcony and said that he came there to hear some speeches from the Northern friends, but the would-up orators were so shy that he would say a few words if the audience permitted him. The request was unanimously granted. The old man started his speech by making scorching remarks against the interpreter of the Russian legation, kim Hongmuk. The officer of the Imperial Guard, who was acting as a sort of Chairman, ordered his orderly to seize the speaker and take him down from the stage. The outlence. They hurled stones at the assembly of the Hamityeng contingents, and shouts of Down them! terrified the indiscreet army of hear. He begged the pardon of the populace for his heaty action and escorted the old man up to the balcony again.

The restored speaker thanked the audience for the vindication of his rights and completed his speech amid great applause. The officer derined the old man on the balcony and told his

The restored speaker thanked the completed r the vindication of his rights and completed r the vindication of his rights and completed a speech amid great appliause. The officer deduced the old man on the balcony and told his materials him along to the barracks. The innamed the old man on the belcony and fold his men to take him along to the barracks. The in-tention of the officer was known to the people and they again threw slones at the assembly on the balcony and some of them reashed up the stairs with shouts of "Villainy!" The army officer and his braves hastily made their exit through the back windows of the exchange. Thus ended the mass meeting of last Saturday. KING AND RATTLER FIGHT.

A PLAINSMAN'S STORY OF A AWARD DUEL TO THE DEATH. How the Little King, Which fine &e Potent fine

Circles About a Satiler, Dadging Blows, Until the Battler Was Tired-A Spring and Then the Battler Was Choked Bend. The king snake is a bright green little fellow no thicker than a walking stick and vanishes at one's approach with every manifestation of fear, although in many other ways he shows a cour age and daring out of all proportion to his size. His home is on the prairies of the vast Southwest, where the sickening Burrerer of the ratthan human sounds. Virtually he is the knight errant of snakedom, for valurous achievement is his dominant ambition and his days are spent in conquest for conquest's sake. He has apparently set for bimself the monumental task of wiping out the entire tribe of rattlesnakes, against which he wages desperate and uninter-rupted war and is the most unreleating, most langerous and m at feared of all the latter's many focs. Just why he should single out the rattler as his pet aversion (instances of his attacks upon other snakes are rare) is a invatery He is too reticent by habit to let the herpetolo

gist into the secret. The largest king snakes seldom exceed a length of three feet. The average size is beween two and two and a half feet. Unhesitatingly the king will provoke a fight with a attler ten times his weight and strength, and eave him dead on the field of battle. Although plainsmen often come across a vanquished rattler in his death agonies and see the little green champion gliding away in the prairie grass, it is seldom indeed that the actual engagement is riewed. But among the few who have been so fortunate as to witness one of the king snake's battles is John L. McAfee of Texas, who told of it a few nights ago at an uptown hotel. took place near Clarendon, Tex.," said

in the hot season. I had been exercising a vicious young broncho, which managed to un seat me and break for home, leaving me some miles from town to trudge back on foot. This was not a matter of great difficulty, as recent fires had singed the prairie, and in many places the grass tordinarily a great impediment to walking) was burned to the roots. It was in one of those burned places that I stumbled across a diminutive king snake and a big rattler in a duck. It had evidently just begun, for they were manouvring for advantageous positions, according to their disance and separate methods of defence and attack. So engrossed were they by their efforts to secure superior ground that my soft approach was unheeded, and I was permitted to observe without either of the participants showing the

lightest interest in the presence of an onlooker. " As I found them the rattler was atriving for be soon attained and where he coiled to strike His tail was threshing the air and his rattles were clacking. The king snake was moving leisurely around him in a great circle, pausing occasionally to raise his head from the ground as if to hurl back deflance at his enemy. His challenge was accepted readily by the rattler, who at each repetition unwound himself in the twinkling of an eye, to coil again within reach of the intrepid little monarch, at whom he struck viciously, but without avail. The latter's manner of dodging was marvellous. Just as it looked as if it was all over with the little fellow he was ten feet away, although still spinning in his orbit round the enraged and befooled rattler. The escape of his intended victim seemed to puzzle the rattler, but he gave no advantage in conscquence. Each time he struck he instantly recoiled and assumed an attitude of defence. His eyes followed the path of the king snake, who

eyes followed the path of the king snake, who continued to move in a semi-indolent fashion, stopping now and then to send forth that slient taunt, insult, or whatever it was, which never falled to throw the rattler into a violent passion and spur him to action.

"These tactics the little fellow used to harass his antagonist for fully ten minutes, and in that time the rattler struck at him no less than twenty times without so much as grazing him, the cunning little tantalizer invariably making good his escape before the fangs were half way on their death-dealing mission. Nordid he deviate the breadth of the hand from his established circle, the diameter of which was probably less than fifteen feet. Even when the astute rattler endeavored to intercept him at various places he was not swerved an inch from his course. To all intent he was following a recognized precept of king-snake warfare, and he didn't intend to let the enemy force him from his position.

"In the beginning the rattler aimed at the In the beginning the rattler aimed at the

"In the beginning the rattler aimed at the slender head or the king snake, but eventually, as his failures to wound the wily fellow became more and more pronounced, he began to strike at random, trusting to settle him by a chance blow. To all appearances he was dazed and bewildered by the king snake's successful evasion. His rage, too, became wilder. He completely lost his head, often striking out after the king snake had passed him.

lost his head, often striking out after the king snake had passed him.

"By and by the great expenditure of force began to tell on the rattler. Apparently appreciating the fact and the necessity for recuperation, he ceased to follow his tormentor and withdrew to his first position within the centre of the space. Here he coiled and laid his head upon his folds. The king snake appeared to be as fresh and vigorous as ever. He now began to sport, and at the same time diminished the circle's diameter slightly. Otherwise he gave no indication of a change in factics. Two minutes passed, The rattler remained passive and lethargic and offered nooffence. The king snake infused a little more speed into his movements, but the aspect of the contest was now peaceful.

"Two more minutes wrought a decided change. The little fellow again decreased the circle, humped himself, and began to "scorch' like a professional bicycle rider. Faster and faster he glided around his big foe, who was now aroused from his temporary coma, and displayed unmistakable signs of terror. He raised his head high in the air and allowed it to revolve as if on an axis inclined to the plane of the king snake's orbit. A shiver shot through his colls. Momentarily his courage had departed.
"Nearer and near whizzed the little green monarch, now going at express train speed. The circle he described was marked by an unbroken band of creen against the blackened stubble of

"Nearer and near whizzed the little green monarch, now going at express train speed. The circle he described was marked by an unbroken band of green against the blackened stubble of the burnt grass. Made drunk, it seemed, by the dizzy revolutions of the king anske, the rattler's hoad swayed round and round until it looked as if it was going to snap and fall from the sinuous mottled neck. It was the most exciting scene I had ever witnessed.

dizzy revolutions of the king snake, the rattler's hoad swayed round and round until it looked as if it was going to snap and full from the sinuous mottled nock. It was the most exciting scene I had ever witnessed.

"How long the little fellow continued to fly around the big rattler at this wonderful pace I cannot say. Possibly not more than a minute or two, yet it seemed to me, and no doubt the rattler was likewise so impressed, that he was at it for half an hour. But finally the movement of the rattler's head became slower, more rhythmical. He seemed fascinated or hypnotized by the accelerated action of his determined antagonist, and more shivers agitated his coils. Meantline the little fellow kept decreasing the circle until he was within three feet of the circle until he was within three feet of the circle until he was within three feet of the circle until he was within three feet of the circle until he was within three feet of the circle until he was within three feet of the circle until he was within three feet of the circle until he was within three feet of the circle until he was within three feet of the circle until he was a sud to the statler, and then he played his trump card—that is, he came to a standatili with such electrical abrup ness that it gave even no a start of surprise. This unexpected move totally parhiyzed the rattler. His head sunk himp and inert upon his sliffened coils and he remained motionless. But presently his faculties seemed to revive: a thrill swept from his head to his tail and caused his rattles to rustle feebly. Again be raised his head and extended his neck as if ready to strike. It was his last act of aggression, and fatal were the results, for there was a sudden flash of green and both reptiles seemed inerged in one common writhine body. A cloud of dust obscured them for a moment, but as it blew away I saw the little king snake firmly colled around the neck of the big rattler had ceased to move. Five minutes more and I was satisfied that he was dead, and so moved up to gr

COUN BUNT STOPPED THE THAIN. ots That Betsfied the Bay Ac

ALTOONA, Pa., April 16 .- The day acco dation south bound on the Snow Shoe branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad ran into Tyrone several hours late the other day, and a big fat coon, securely boxed in the baggage car, was the cause. The train left Snow Shoe on time, but just after passing Gap Station the conductor suddenly gave a frantic pull at the signal cord and stopped the train.

"There's a big coon on that beech tree up there," he yelled to the brakeman as be jumped off and ran up the bank toward the woods. The arder of the chase sprang up in the breast of the brakeman, and a few seconds later be was following the conductor. The engineer waited a reasonable length of time for a signal to start, and, falling to get it, walked back along the train to see what was wrong. The only member of the train crew he could see was the colored porter, who was just disappearing over the bank.

"Hey, Bill!" the engineer cried. "What's the matter! Where's the conductor!" "Got a big coon treed up heah," yelled the porter. "Come up an' help cotch 'im.

"A coon! Great Scott! Her, Sam!" the engineer cried to the fireman, "bring the axe out of the tool box. They've got a coon treed up here.' With a whoop of delight the fireman grabbed the axe and joined the chase. Meanwhile the passengers were beginning to become impatient. A fat drummer with a Southern accent led in the profanity in the smoker.

"What kind of a road is this heah?" he asked of the baggagemaster as he got off to look around, "Seems to me there ain't no sort of system among the employees."

They have got a big coon treed up there," the baggagemaster replied, doubtfully. "A coon! You don't mean it?" the fat man cried in delight. "Wheah are they! Great cott, man, I wouldn't miss it for a dollah! Used to catch coops myself wheen I was a little Mr. McAfee, "at the close of one sweltering day shavah down in Kentuck.

Led by the fat man, the passengers deserted the train in a body and hastened to the scene of the attack on the coon. When the party, fifty strong, arrived on the scene the coon appeared to be decidedly master of the situation. Perched on the extreme end of a branch, he grinned at the futile efforts of the conductor to shake him off his nerch. is perch. That ain't no sort of way to catch a coon.

he fat man said to the man up the tree as soon,"
he fat man said to the man up the tree as soon
s he got his breath. "Crawfout on the Hmb
bove him and cut the branch with an axe."
"'Tain't no fool job to crawl up a tree with an
xx."
"'Tain't no fool job to crawl up a tree with an
xx 'remarked the conductor from his clevated
erch, "unt perhaps," he added with surcasm,
you can do it."
"Bunt him off with a club." surgested a man

"You can do it."
"Bunt him off with a club," suggested a man with an Indiana accent. "That's the only sure way with a coon." with an Indiana accent. "That's the only sure way with a coon."

"Shows what you know," said a thin man with a frock coat. "You've got to loop em; that's what you've got to do."

"I p to this time the baggagemaster had stead-fastly refused to participate in the chase, but the temptation finally became too much. After watching the futile efforts of the conductor for some time, he sinally abandoned the train and joined the hunters.

"You're a lot of bloomin' idiots," he remarked as he came up. "Gimme the axe an' I'll cut the tree down."

tree down."

"Hi, there! you fool!" yelled the conductor, as the first stroke of the axe sounded. "D ye want to kill me! Wait till I git down."

"Forgot all about you, Jim" said the baggagemaster with a grin. "A fellow loses his head when he gets after a coon.
"Hold on, gentlemen," put in the fat man. "How are you going to catch him when the tree is cut down!"

Hold on, gentlemen, put in the fat man. "How are you going to catch him when the tree is cut down!"

Nobody had thought of this; so the baggage-master let up on his attack on the tree while a council of war was held.

"I got a scheme, fellows," the fireman said finally. "Let Ed go ahend and cut the tree down and the rest of us will get clubs and stand around to hit him when he drops. We'll make two circles, one outside the other, and if he gets through both he'll be a good thing."

The fireman's suggestion was adopted. There was some scarrying for clubs, and meanwhile Ed resumed his attack on the tree. By the time the beech was swaying from the assault of the axe the double cordon had been formed and excitement was at a high pitch. With a resounding crash the tree finally fell to the earth, and then pandemonium broke loose. There were shouts, oaths, wails of distress, and howls for vengeance for a few moments. When the dust cleared away there were visible half a dozen furious hand-to-hand combats among the hunters. High above all rose the howls of the fat man, who was engaged in a singlestick combat with the man from Indiana.

"You blarsted fool," he yelled, "what made you smash my hat with your infernal club?"

You got in my way just as the coon passed, growled the Indiana man. "Man like you ought never go coon huntin."

"It's a shame," said the man in the frock coat. "Just as I had 'im dead this bloomin' galoot ran in ahead and swatted me on the neck with his stick."

"Galoot vourself," snarled the conductor whe had been thus insulted. "You hit me first on

galoot ran in ahead and swatted me on the neck with his stick."

"Galoot yourself," snarled the conductor whe had been thus insulted. "You hit me first on the corn foot with your stick. We'd a got the coen if it hadn't been for you."

"What's the matter with you fools!" Interjected the baggagemaster. "The coen didn't get away. When the tree fell he just run up along the trunk an't knocked him silly with the axe. Funniest thing I ever see to look at you fellers fightin' about the coon gettin' away when I had him looped up here at the stump." I knew it all the time, said the fat man, but this fool hit me on the head.

"Never mind," interrupted the baggage master. "We'd better hurry back to the train or we'll run in behind the schedule."

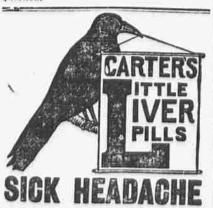
It was a triumphal march back to the train. Sore heads and aching toes were forgotten in the consciousness of the fact that a big fat coon had been captured. No one was laid off, either, because the train ran in late, for the superintendent had hunted coons himself in the bygone days.

WHERE THE DEER SWARM.

Canadian Farmers to Petition the Govern ment to Offer a Bounty for Killing Them.

OTTAWA, April 15 .- Mr. H. Audette, inspector of game for the province of Quebec, has recently been on a two weeks' visit in the Arthabaska district in the interest of his department. "You have no idea," he said, "how the deer swarm in this part of the country. In point of fact, it was a revelation to me, yet I may say that pientiful as the number of deer is, the slaughter is pitiful, and the trouble is that it is so difficult to obtain avidence for conviction. This year the opportunity for wanton slaughter was particularly easy on account of the beavy fall of snow. This drove the animals from the woods and coverts into settled lands, and here, of course, the farmers and American pot hunters slaughtered them by the hundreds. One may be able to judge of the number of deer in and around Buistrode, St. Valerie, and Arthabaskaville when I tell that in my short stay I released no less than sixty-live wild deer caught by farmers in the snow and penned up for disposal later on. One farmer had no less than sixteen penned up. plentiful as the number of deer is, the slaughlater on. One farmer had no less than sixteen penned up.
"What did I do with them! I just seized

"What did I do with them? I just seized them and turned them out into the woods where they could go back again to their old haunts. I did not prosecute the farmers, because I thought that a warning would be sufficient. I have a deer now that I seized and that will be sold for the benefit of the Government. The others are by this time away in the woods. In this district the deer may be said to be to a certain extent a nuisance; so much so, that in the summer time they come out into the open and do considerable damage to the farmers' crops. I may say that there is a movement on foot in and around Buistrode and St. Valerie to petition the Government not only to allow indiscriminate slaughter of deer, but also to grant a bounty for their scalps. This is how they are talking, and from what I know myself I believe that they have something to say on their side of the question."



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JOHANN HOFF: New York, Berlin, Paris 

MOOSE LED TO A FORTUNE.

A STACK OF HAY THAT GAVE START TO 'BIJAH WILKINS. he snow Was Deep That Year in Maine and

Horses in a Lumber Camp Were Threatened with Starvation When Their Owner Prove a Sharp Bargain with a Bunter as a Joke. SEREC, Me., April 15 .- On a bleak March day

four weeks ago a New York travelling salesman was sitting in a store in East Greenmount, Me. trying to sell the proprietor a bill of goods, when prosperous-looking farmer came in. farmer made some purchases and stood by the stove a few minutes while he listened to the latest news of the Cuban situation. Outside the snow lay four feet deep on a level, not counting the drifts, which in some places came up to the eaves of the barns, while the roads were punched deep with holes made by the slumping of horses feet during a recent thaw, rendering the travel ling difficult and even dangerous.

"I must be gittin' back home to my said the farmer at last. "It's mighty hard doin" with all this snow. Never saw the road wuss," "Don't you set to grumbling about deep snow. 'Bijah," remarked the merchant. "I've known a man to dig a farm and pair of horses right out of snow deeper than this."

The farmer chuckled as he went out to his horse and sleigh before the door and started away over the hills. The merchant tucked a couple of sticks of wood into the stove and sat down opposite the commercial traveller. He had a story to tell.

"You heard what I said to the man that just went out," he began, "That's Blinh Wilkins, and he's got the best farm in Greenmount-200 acres, well stocked, and he has money put out see it over on the hillside-the one with all the barns and sheds round it. Let's see; it's 1898. Twenty-seven years ago everything that 'Bijah Wilkins owned was a rifle, a pair of snowshoes and a moose sled, and he owed for the sled at that. He was a young fellow of 23 or 24 then; good habits, willing to work; but somehow he could never make any money stick with him. If he got a little ahead it always seemed to slip away from him n some sort of foolish venture. He wanted to marry old Hiram Crommet's daughter Hetty. She was willing enough, but her father wouldn't hear to it, and I guess he was about right, the way 'Bijah's prospects looked at that time.

The winter and spring of 1871 was a good deal like this year, only worse. It began to snow in the beginning of March, piling up and piling the woods. On the lakes and rivers it was wors still-a foot of slush above the ice, with three feet of snow on top of that to keep it from freezit. There was no getting supplies into the lum-ber camps and the crews had to get out of the at the same crossings, and taking, finally, the woods. They could travel on the snow crust. but the horses in the camps couldn't, and where the camps were a long distance from a settlement and hadn't laid in plenty of fodder for the eason the horses had to be killed to save them from starving.

"Things had got to this state when Bijah Wilkins struck the woods round the Twin Lakes alone, and as he slapped along on his snowshoes, hauling his long moose sled behind him, one morning, he came upon the path made by a big moose wallowing through the snow. He followed the tracks, and in the course of two or three hours came into a queer little valley among sleep bills, whose existence no one would suspect until he came plumb upon it. There was a cabin in the valley, and it was the home of Peter Lablache, a French Canadian. He was a hermit, who chose to live away from people. Three or four times a year he would appear in the settlements leading his horse packed with peltries, which he would exchange for groceries and two jugs of rum that would balance one on exch side of the horse, and then he would go back to his home in the woods. There were few neople even among the woodsmen that knew where Peter lived or had visited his lonely home.

"This winter Peter Lablache had taken it into his head to go visiting, and had started of lefore snow fell to see his people in Madawasks. What Hijah Wilkins saw when he came to the valley was the little cabin and shed and the stack of hay that Peter had moved from the swale before his door to keep his horse through the year. Everything was almost burled in snow, but at the haystack the moose had pawed away the snow so as to get at the hay, and there he was too busy eating to notice that anybody was coming. Bijah shot the moose, and as the day was only half gone started with one of the hinduarters on his sled for the next township to sell the meat at Crabtree's logging camp.

"He got to the camp all right, and found that everybody there was packing up to start out from the woods next morning. There was no fodder for the horses and no way of hauling any in from the settlements, so work was stopped and the men were going. The ten fine horses that had hauled the logs that winter had to be left behind. Crabtree himself was at the camp. "The got ot the camp as long as you want to stay if you'll dispose of those horses, Crabtree went on. Only this is part of the barga alone, and as he slapped along on his snowshoes,

me a bill of sale."

"So to carry out the loke Crabtree art down and wrote out a bill of sale for the ten horses with a pencil on a piece of wrapping paper; and the toreman and one of the mea wilnessed it, and Bijah put it in his packet. They had fried moose meat for supper in camp that night, and the next morning, at daybreak, the crew started for Mattawamkeag, leaving Bijah at the camp to dispose of the horses. The first thing he did after the men had gone was to go to the stable where the horses were neighful for fodder.

"Have patience and I'll soon fix you out, my beauties," said 'Bijah, beginning to feel what it was to be the owner of ten fine horses. He fight a hour rigging stakes about his moose sied so that he could pack it with hay. Then he stepped over to Peter Lablache's and was back at camp at noon with a full feed of hay for all the horses. It was a six-mile trip, but he made it twice a day for four weeks, until the snow had softened and melted down so much that he so to carry out the joke Crabtree sat down

could force the horses through it and make a path to the stack, and after that he let them feed themselves, criving them over to the stack in the morning and back to camp at night.

"It was the first of May, and the stack of hay had been caten to the ground, when 'Bijah made his start out of the woods. There was still planty of snow in the hollows and the water courses were running high, but he got to Mattawamkeag safe on the third day. Crabtree was in town that day, and looking from the hotel office he saw 'Bijah come riding down the main street with nine horses in a string behind him. He knew the horses, though he could scarcely believe his eyes, for they seemed to him like horses risen from the dead. He came with a skip, hop, and jump out into the street to hail 'Bijah and ask him what miracle had happened to bring the horses back safe. 'Bijah answered his questions civilly, but wasted no words, and started on. "Say, where are you going with my horses?' called Crabtree." Your horses!' said Bijah. 'Didn't you sell

called Crattree.

"Your horses! said Bijah. 'Didn't you sell them to me for consideration paid! Haven't I your bill of sale, signed and witnessed, in my pecket!"

your bill of sale, signed and witnessed, in my pocket?

"Yes, but that was only a joke, you know. I thought you were going to still them.

"You told me to lead them well away from the camp before I killed them. I'm going to take them as far as Greenmount.

"Crabtree stormed and argued and begged until he got 'Bijah to pull up and stay at the hotel over night, he agreeing to pay all expenses. Then he flew round to his lawyer to get a writ of replevin, or a warrant of arrest for larceny, or a writ of habeas corpus—anything to accure the bodies of those ten horses eating oats over in the hotel stable. The lawyer hearu his stery, cross-questioned him about the bill of sale, and advised him to buy the horses back from 'Bijah at the best bargain he could make. So he came to 'Hijah, with another tune than before, and asked him his price for the horses.

"That's better anid,' said 'Bijah, 'Now, I guess we can come to an agreement. I'm going to buy a farm in Greenmount, and I want horses to work it. I'll keep this pair of bays, and you may have the other eight horses for a thousand dollars." 'Crabtree tried to best him down in his." 'Crabtree tried to best him down is his." 'Crabtree tried to best him down is his." 'Crabtree tried to best him down is his."

may have the other eight borses for a thousand dollars.

"'Crabtree tried to beat him down in his price for a while to save his reputation as a cickerer—then paid 'Bijah a thousand dollars down for the eight horses, 'Bijah was starting to ride away with his span or bays, but Crabtree stopped him to shake his hand. The rich lumber operator was glad to get his horses back, and he saw the joke of the situation.

"Say, young man, I like you,' he said. 'You did a flue thing in saving those horses' lives, and you've acted fairly by me in the matter. You tell me you're going to buy a farm. Now, I'll lend you \$1,000 to stock it with—and if you'll do the work at as low a figure as any other man I'll give you the contract for taking the supplies into all my camps next winter.'

"He was as good as his word. 'Bijah went home to Greenmount, bought his farm and stocked it—it made the folks stare to see the grand way 'Bijah Wilkins was doing things—married Heity Crommet three months after, and has kept well shead in the world ever since. You saw him. There's nothing penurious in 'Bijah's looks, or the looks of that farm over on the hill-side, is there i'

BROADWAY.

Mr. Goslington Discourace Upon Its Endless Variations and Never-Falling Charm

"I am accustomed daily to walk up Broadway," said Mr. Goslington, "and almost always ing, and no horse or man could travel through at the same hour, and like, I imagine, most peo-

crust hunting for deer and moose. He was of enjoyment. While I follow usually the hauling his long moose sled behind him, one same hours, look in the same windows, morning, he came upon the path made by a big see the same landmarks daily, Broadway landmarks that I know and that I hope know me, yet if for any reason at the outset I cross over. and then keep on up on the other side. why, it's as different as can be; it's Broadway, but it's Broadway in another phase, and this with endless variations still. "Have you tried reversing the order of march,

"Have you tried reversing the order of march, walking, say, down Broadway instead of up, breasting the current with which you have been accustomed to sail! There are novel impressions in this experience at every step, line you tried it at different hours from those in which you have been accustomed to see it! If your habit is to walk up Broadway at the end of the day, have you ever walked down Broadway on a sunlit morning! You will find that an experience that will make your pulses jump, for then the street will smile at you with a new aspect of lightness, grave and novelty.

"And at night, when the street is lighted, and even the people have changed their moods! Why, the great street is in endless change the whole day long, and day after day in succession. Through this narrow channel, mixed with currents from all the world, flows the main current of the human life of a continent, with its vast power, its boundless charm, and its endless variety, and with enough of the mysterious in its power to make it all-potent. I three of it never: I only fear that it will rob me of ambition; for I am satisfied with Broadway."

TWO LEGS EXCITE REMARK hey Were Bangling Out of a Cab Winds

That Was Howling Up Broadway.

A pair of gray-trousered legs, terminating ont-covered feet, both trousers and boots make and masculine pattern, are no us usual sight on Broadway. Dozens of pairs of ust such legs pass up and down the great arter every hour in the day and every minute in the it valiantly afoot. What was remarkable abo certain conventional pair on a certain afternoon and caused people to stars as hard as /though the legs were in cased in sky blue trousers, ended of with purple-soled boots, was the fact that the protruded from the window of a four-wheeler, People who walk on Broadway much are used to seeing out-of-the-way things and interesting happenings, but legs in this informal, devil-maattitude, driven uptown by a dignified tall-hatted cabby, who looked for all the work as if accustomed to driving fares top side down half in and half out, was comical enough to a

Entire strangers smiled in sympathy as this one-ring circus went by. Everybody who caught one glimpse of the display looked again and again to divine, if possible, what manner of top part went along with the legs. No may ter how absorbed the passers-by might be i their own immediate concerns, in turning thing over in their own minds, in talking with com panions, in dodging in and out among vehicles at the crossings, or in making their way against the sidewalk comberers, they paused the moment they caught a glimp body of the cab was impervious to glances an with spring blossoms on it, sat on the front sea in view of the curious, but so far as appearance went the gray-trousered legs ended at the knee They were tilted up on the sill of the cab window, and waggled up and down with the motion of the vehicle, dangling so far out, in fact, that timid people feared they might touch the wheel and so be hurt.

The cab was as trim and carefully tended a the legs, the driver seemed energetic and the horse had caught something of his spirit, but upward progress was interfered with by the tide of vehicles that streamed out from the cross streets and the cars passing just at that hour (5:30 P. M.). So spectators had full chance nour (5:30 P. M.). So spectators had full chance to see the show and speculate as to what manner of top dressing the unseen passenger had. The waistcoat and coat, shirt front and neckwar that went with those well-dressed legs could readily be conjectured. It would be a nice, joily looking face and aminable head that went with them, of course; a soft, susceptible felt hat. There was that about the legs that forbade association with a stiff-sik hat even at that hour of the afternoon. The top dressing and physique of the after part of the legs could be diagnosed, but not the resson for the owner's choosing to ride in that unusual at the same crossings, and taking, finally, the cars at the same spot for the remainder of my journey homeward.

"I never tire of this walk, in fact my enjoyment of it becomes yearly more intense. I am satisfied with life if I can take my dally run in Broadway; if I am away from it for a day I go back to it with all the keener pleasure. And I find it susceptible of almost infinite variations of enjoyment. While I follow usually the same side, pass the same clocks at the same hours, look in the same windows, see the same leafunched all properties. I same the same hours are the same windows, see the same leafunched all properties and that argued that a hand and fingers type and pattern to go with the legs ment of the quiet that gave further enjoyment the afternoon airing. The air was mild, agreeable to the passecage to have his legs gereable to the passecage to have his legs went on staring and smilling, the cab went on staring and smilling, the cab went to start the want they want either in New or anywhere else. At any rate, pede went on staring and smilling, the cab went on staring and smilling, the cab went on staring and smilling every now am from the cab window every now and that argued that a hand and dingers type and pattern to go with the legs have further enjoyment to go with that a hand and that argued that a hand and the legs went on jerking and dangling every time the cab got on a little spurt of speed.

THE UNDERTAKER'S CHAIRS.

Their Varied Experience Like That of the Perple Who 8it in Them.

"I see in the windows of undertaking shops." said Mr. Staybolt, "a placard which says that camp stools and folding chairs are to hire there. delivered by express wagon. I infer from this that chairs must be hired out for other than not be. "But they must lead a varied life, the chairs,

"But they must lead a varied life, the chairs funeral one day and wedding, it may be, it next. They know when they start where they going—that is, they know the nature of the occasion; they can tell that by the wagon they g in. If, when they are carried out, they fin themselves put into the black wagon of the indertaket they know it's a funeral they re goin to. If they are put into just a plain, ordinary de livery wagon, they know that they are going to wedding or a party or some gathering of mor or less gayety; but they cannot tell what will happen next.

happen next.
"Well, I don't know that there's anythin very remarkable about this, after all. The perionce of the chairs is like that of the be who sit on them. They have their days of and their days of tears."

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